

Child of the Wicked

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Summary: Normally I would've teleported to bed, but instead I simply closed my eyes and walked, using the wall to guide me. Maybe if I didn't use my powers it wouldn't happen. Calm down, I breathed silently. The only light in my dark dank room was a red electric clock. 5:59 Maybe it wouldn't happen. K plus for violence

Child of the Wicked

I looked toward the clock with dread in my heart. Why did it have to be today? Of all the days it could have been.

Jinx wasn't even here and I had all this bad luck. She'd left almost months ago, after that Kid Flash boy. Hadn't thought too much of it. I simply followed orders and my head commanders had changed. It wasn't the first time.

Crossing my arms tightly I tried to distract myself. Mammoth and Billy Numerous were completely engaged in a video game. Though See-More had offered me a controller he himself had given up the game only a few minutes into it. His eye didn't help with seeing the whole massive screen all at once.

"More for me," Billy split himself and grabbed the controller.

My stomach lurched and Mammoth stood, pounding the floor. Or was it him? Was it something else?

_This isn't happening, this isn't happening, this isn't happening. _I mentally chanted. _This is all in your head. _

"Kyd?"

I leapt into the air, moving back on the couch.

Everyone looked over, even Gizmo. "Kyd," See-More said again. "What's

got you so wound up? I've never seen you this tense."

I shook my head and stood, waving him away.

"You turning in?" See-More asked.

Nodding I turned to the front door and began to walk away. Sector six was entirely black, per usual. I didn't have anything to decorate my room with anyway, why bother seeing it. Normally I would've teleported to bed, but instead I simply closed my eyes and walked, using the wall to guide me.

Maybe if I didn't use my powers it wouldn't happen.

Calm down, I breathed silently. The only light in my dark dank room was a red electric clock.

5:59

Only a six more hours. Six more hours. Maybe it wouldn't happen.

Closing my eyes I curled into a tight ball, my cape protectively over me.

The only sounds were my quiet breaths and my pounding heart. I tried to relax. If I could sleep them it would be over when I woke up.

An alarm sounded, blaring light around my room for a second and I caught sight of the dusty shelves, mildewed walls and musty carpet. The only sign that a living being used the room was the worn trail from the door to the hard old mattress. I'd abandoned sheets and pillows long ago. Then the light died and it was bathed in darkness again.

Standing I ran up the steps to the living room. The light means we had a good target. Biting back my terror of leaving my room I kept a clam face.

"We've got an armored car," See-More grinned, watching the path of the car. "It's down on east main.

"And check this out," Gizmo typed out on the keyboard. "The morons got a used level seven containment unit. Say we bring it home for kicks?"

Level seven? I thought. _That was two levels above mine. If I put myself in thereâ€¦_

"Seven?" Billy echoed my thoughts. "Ain't that the kind where you gotta wait twelve hours before you can get out?"

Twelve hours would be perfect, I began to relax, a smile slowly spreading.

"Nah it's more like three days, something bout cryogenic freezing," Gizmo looked hungry for the opportunity to put someone in there. He was going to get his chance.

"Cry or what?" Mammoth's brow furrowed.

"Nevermind."

"So we going or not?" See-More rubbed his hands.

"Hive five go!" Gizmo shouted.

"Seriously?" Billy groaned. "You're going with that?"

I laughed silently.

* * *

><p>I sat in the tree down the street, waiting for the car. I had refused to teleport or use any of my powers. See-More had put it down to some sort of sickness but he didn't know the truth. No one could know the truth, or they'dâ€|<p>

Shaking my head I looked down the street where a clunky square van drove silently down the road.

There was no security. What was this?

It had to be something.

See-More, from across the street, gave me the signal and I dropped in front of the car, jumping directly in its path as per my usual strategy.

It pulled to a terrified stop, skidding on its side, missing me by inches. I didn't even flinch.

"That's some crazy car stoppin' stuff," Billy grinned, two of him putting their arms on my shoulders. "You don' even look scared."

I gave him my best scarlet eyed glare, giving him one simple lie. _I don't get scared. _

He backed off, following See-More to the armored car. Mammoth had already ripped off the door, looking inside.

"It's empty," the land mass grumped.

"What?" Gizmo stepped inside the completely empty car.

No, no, no! I yelled silently. I need that containment unit!

"It's a trap!" See-More yelled.

"What?" Gizmo whirled around and I followed my teammates gaze. Five other teens stood on the road, eyes fixed on us.

A short boy with a skin tight suit and yellow and black cape, thick steel toed boots on his feet stood at the head of the group. Beside him a red head girl, her eyes glowing green and wearing a purple dress.

Behind them a green wolf growled and bared his pointed teeth. Beside him, a sonic cannon revving up was a large boy with metallic body.

But my eyes landed on the darkest figure, a dark violet cloak hiding all but her shining eyes. A black energy glowed around her feet.

With terror I saw Mammoth charge Beast Boy, Gizmo attack Cyborg, See-More took Starfire and Billy surrounded Robin.

I couldn't fight her, not now. No one could know. She would know.

But instincts had me run forward. Swirls of dark energy threw themselves at me and I dodged, praying I could take on any other member of the titans.

Ducking her leg as it swung toward my head I heard her shout the famous spell. I could do nothing to stop it.

"Azurath Metrion Zinthos!" she shouted, rising into the air and throwing me back.

My eyes slammed shut, waiting for the impact of cement or brick. My spine crashed into a window and I flew back into the small store, behind a rack of clothes. A trail of ruined tile was in my wake. My clothing was torn, my mask falling onto my shoulders. A silent groan filled my head.

I took stock of my injuries, ribs bruised or cracked, legs alright if cut up and the same with my arms. My cape would repair itself. Head, I reached a hand up and found my snow white hair spilling into my face, making my gray skin look paler. The neck of my uniform seemed intact and clung to my skin protectively.

"Where are you Wykkyd?" Raven growled.

Her voice set it off. The burning under my skin began, trying to rip me to pieces. It hurt worse than anything I'd ever felt. I was being torn apart from the inside. A scream tried in vain to escape my throat. My ripped clothes began to smoke and all around me the clothing began to light. Flames threatened and I begged the burning to stop.

Through the rips in the fabric dark red symbols glowed brightly.

**I've had this on the back burners forever but I've hit a block with it. Tell me where'd you'd like to see this go or how long you'd like it. I'd love to continue it. **

End
file.